

# The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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## The Winchester Appeal

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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE;  
TWO AND A HALF IF IN SIX MONTHS;  
THREE AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

### LIFE.

Our human life is like a summer day.  
First morn with rosy flush comes stealing  
up  
O'er all the orient sky, and forest birds  
With plumage bathed in light and glad-  
dest songs  
Fill all the trembling air. The blue  
waves leap  
And sing and sparkle in the morning  
breeze:  
The tall old trees lift high their waving  
arms  
To catch the glorious sunshine in their  
fond  
Embrace. The dim tall hills afar are  
bathed  
In mellow light, and circled round with  
mists  
Of yellow, golden clouds. From out his  
nest  
The light-wing'd lark mounts up to bathe  
his plumes  
In flushes of the early day--and this  
Is morn--without a cloud--yet passing  
soon  
E'en as a summer dream.

### Then cometh noon.

The soft low winds lie still. The spring-  
ing lark  
Hath furled his weary wing--the droop-  
ing leaves  
Amid the hot and sultry air give back  
An echo to the winds that erewhile played  
And wanted 'mid the trees. The lo-  
cust's song  
Of loneliness is hushed. The tiny waves  
That leaped and sang beneath the morn-  
ing light  
Are motionless and mute. The fiery sun  
Holds empire over all, and like a king  
Sits on its burning throne. And this is  
noon.

A quiet calmness lieth over all.  
But soon the sultry noon goes by. The  
day  
Fades slowly from the quiet earth, and  
night  
Draws with her sombre shadows nigh and  
soon;  
The purple twilight gath'ers o'er the  
land  
And wave and tree and leaves and dim  
old hills  
Fade slowly from the sight--then over all  
Night folds her gloomy pall.

And such is life!  
Youth with its joyous thoughts and sunny  
hopes,  
And light, fond dreams of happiest days  
to come!  
Yet passing, oh! how soon--then ripen  
years,  
With all their weight of sober thought  
and care--  
Then quickly--when the sultry noon of  
life  
Seems scarcely fled--the dusty evening  
draws  
With stealthy footstep nigh.

Yet through them all  
Amid the morn's bright glow--the moon's  
fiery glare--  
The twilight's purple tinge--and 'mid the  
gloom  
And darkness of the weary night--a voice  
Of gladness whispers to the earnest heart  
That when the gloom hath passed away  
the morn  
Shall dawn o'er earth that hath no cloud,  
and night  
Shall gather o'er the soul no more.

### A SLIPPERY HOPE.

#### A YARN OF THE LAST WAR.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Be it known that the writer of this  
yarn has an uncle in the United States'  
navy; one Captain Jack BOWLINE; who  
has spent nearly fifty years of his life  
upon the ocean; a warm-hearted, hard-  
faced, jolly old fellow, whose head is  
as full of historical yarns of the past,  
as his body is of shot-marks and scars  
of battle. Often has he cheered my  
sad spirit with his lively tales, and  
winged many an hour with his yarns  
of adventure which occurred during  
the last war with England, in which  
he commanded the private schooner  
'Hope,' a beautiful clipper of about one  
hundred and fifty tons, and two thirty-  
two pounder pivot guns. One of these  
yarns I here commit to paper, as near-  
ly as possible in his own language:  
We were lying in New York harbor  
just betwixt Governor's Island and  
the Battery, when the fleet that chased  
the old Constitution was blockad-  
ing the channels at both ends of Long  
Island, keeping such a sharp look-out  
with their frigates and tenders that  
not a craft dare stir out of her anchor-  
age. This made me as cross as an  
English man-o'-war's man on short ra-

tions; for I was lying in port, feeding  
my crew, keeping my craft on ex-  
pense, and all that; and it didn't suit my  
free-born nature to be cooped up like  
a stray pig in a strange pen, when I  
knew that money was to be made on  
blue water if I could only reach it. So  
one day I mustered the crew aft,  
and spun off a bit of a speech; told 'em  
it was all humbug for us to lie there  
doing nothing, and asked 'em if they  
would stand by me to the last if I  
would try to run the blockade; telling  
'em at the same time that I intended  
to let the craft sink before she should  
be captured; that the stars and stripes  
should never come down from the  
schooner's truck while she floated a-  
bove the water.

The crew gave me three cheers, and  
that was all the answer that I wanted;  
so I gave orders to re-stow the hold,  
clean up the arms, and get everything  
ready for sea. I intended to take the  
first nor'-west wind and dark night  
and try the run.

I didn't have long to wait before the  
night and nor'-wester came. It was  
indeed a fine night for my work. The  
wind came fitfully off the land in  
squalls; the heavy black clouds tum-  
bling along between the stars and the  
earth, made everything as dark as the  
middle of a tar-bucket, and the rain  
came down as if the caulking of the  
sky had all fell out.

Soon after the darkness had got fairly  
settled, I called all hands and reefed  
our sails down snug, then roused up  
the anchor and got under weigh. I  
set the mainsail, close-reefed fore-top-  
sail and jib, and with the wind on my  
starboard quarter, stood down the bay,  
steering by compass and soundings.

It was uncommonly dark, and once  
in a while the squalls would sweep  
down the bay, bellying out our scant  
sails, and bending the creaking spars  
over the bows, while the craft quiv-  
ered like a dry leaf in the autumnal  
blast.

We showed no light, and keep as  
quiet as a mouse when the cat is in  
the vicinity, as we neared Sandy Hook,  
for we knew that the tenders of the  
fleet would lay close in under the  
land, so far as to make a lee, as also to  
keep a look-out for coasters, or the  
like of us, who might take advantage  
of the weather, and try to give them  
the slip.

We kept on very well till clear of  
the point of the Hook, and were stretch-  
ing out over the middle ground in a  
little under three fathom soundings,  
when I, who was standing forward by  
the heel of the bowsprit, with a night  
glass in my hand, trying to send my  
eye ahead into the darkness, suddenly  
caught a glimpse of a dark object,  
close aboard and directly ahead of us.  
I had scarcely sung out, 'Hard-a-port  
your helm!' to the steersman, when luf-  
fing up in the wind a little, we passed  
close alongside of a large schooner,  
which was lying-to on the off-shore  
tack, with her close-reefed foresail set.  
As we swept past her, I saw at once  
that she was a man-o'-war, and at the  
same time her officer of the deck hail-  
ed us:

"Schooner ahoy! Who are you?  
Heave to or I'll fire into you!"  
I was so completely thrown aback  
by the sudden meeting that I forgot to  
answer him, and on we swiftly swept  
in darkness without even giving him  
a light to show where we were. But  
he was pretty good at guessing, for  
within four or five minutes a shot  
came whizzing along, not more than  
forty or fifty fathoms to leeward of us,  
and then we could see the lights glan-  
cing about our decks, as all hands were  
called, and we knew that he was mak-  
ing sail in chase.

"Light ho!" sung out a man from  
aloft, and then in an instant added--  
"Lights ahead, and on both bows,  
Sir!"  
Then before the words were out of  
the top-man's mouth, my first lieuten-  
ant sang out from the quarter-deck--  
"Lights on the weather quarter and  
beam, Captain Bowline!"

I clambered aloft and took a look  
with my glass, and saw that we were  
completely hemmed in. A circle of  
lights surrounded us, all of which I  
knew came from the enemy's shipping,  
and to crown the whole, and make a  
bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had  
passed but a moment before, commen-  
ced throwing up signal rockets to show  
where our schooner was.

As my glass swept around that cir-  
cle of lights, I thought that I'd got my-  
self in a bad scrape, and wished from  
the lower-most locker of my heart that  
my little craft was back at her old  
anchorage, for the prospect of hard  
knocks and no prize money was par-  
ticularly brilliant just at that moment.  
But I determined to get clear if I could,

and hurrying down to the deck, made  
the crew set the top-gallant sail and  
square sail. Then I had a light run  
up at each mast-head, as the schooner  
astern of me had already done, so  
as to deceive the ships ahead of me,  
which lay in such a position that I  
must pass close by them. The fellow  
astern now knew me by my bearings,  
and soon showed by the change in his  
bearings and the motion of his lights,  
as they swung to and fro from his bend-  
ing spars, that he was following in  
my wake under a press of sail. He  
kept continually sending up rockets  
and blue-lights, and I limited as near-  
ly as possible each signal that he  
made, for I knew that if the heavy  
ships outside of me once smelt the rat,  
and found out who I was, a single  
broadside would be dose enough for  
my poor little schooner.

Apparently exasperated at my good  
imitation, the craft astern yawed from  
her course and fired a couple of shots  
at us, but as we paid no attention to  
her harmless shots, and she only lost  
ground by firing, she stopped it and  
pressed on in chase. We too cracked  
on every thread of canvass which our  
craft would bear, knowing that every-  
thing depended on passing the ship  
outside without receiving a fire from  
them.

Once more I took my glass and went  
forward to pick the best spot to pass  
their line. Just ahead of us were two  
lights pretty close together, which I  
thought, from the heights at which  
they hung, might be suspended from  
the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I  
made up my mind to run boldly under  
the stern of the rearmost of them, and  
try to pass myself off as one of their  
tenders, knowing that nothing but a  
stratagem could save me. Still show-  
ing similar signals to those of the  
schooner astern, I held my course. In  
a few minutes we neared the stern-  
most ships, and then I saw by her light-  
ed ports that she was a three-decker  
line-o'-battle-ship. I reckon I was a  
little skeered just then, but I didn't tell  
my men so, and they seemed to be as  
cool as white bars on an ice-berg.

As we came within hail of the sev-  
enty-four, a gruff English voice shout-  
ed through a trumpet:  
"Schooner ahoy! Is that the Ne-  
reide?"

Thank God for that hint, thought I,  
as I answered:  
"Aye, aye, sir!"

"What's in the wind?" he again hail-  
ed. "Your signal-officer must be  
drunk; we can't understand you. Ex-  
plain yourself!"

"I'm in chase of a bloody villain of  
a Yankee, that's trying to run the  
blockade!" shouted I.

"Oh! very well," he answered; "I hope  
you'll catch the sneaking scullion!"  
"So do I, and keep him after he is  
caught; but 'hopes' are slippery things,  
as the old woman said of the eels  
which she was skinning, when she  
lost them overboard!"

Another moment and we were be-  
yond his hail, and outside of the line of  
ships, bowling off at the rate of eleven  
or twelve knots. In a few minutes  
we doused every light, then altered  
our course four points to the south-  
ward, and were in a few moments hid-  
den from the enemy by the darkness.

I soon saw the pursuing schooner  
run under the stern of the seventy-four,  
and then, by the signals made, knew  
at once that my stratagem had been  
discovered. The seventy-four fired  
guns, and at once the lights of the  
whole line commenced changing their  
bearings, and I saw that a general  
chase had been ordered. I didn't care  
now, however, for I knew that my lit-  
tle craft had the heels of 'em, and with  
the darkness to aid me, I feel assured  
of escape.

Before day broke, I was away down  
off the Capes of the Delaware, with  
everything astern of me hull-down, and  
as I shaped my course for the West In-  
dies, I laughed to think that the Eng-  
lishman's "Hope" had proved so slip-  
pery!

A NEW MEASURE.--Six "how d'ye  
do's" make one acquaintance; two ac-  
quaintances make one invitation; three  
invitations make one friendship; two  
friendships make one avowal of feel-  
ing; one avowal of feeling makes one  
marriage; one marriage makes one  
quantity of children; and any quantity  
of children makes one poor.

Affection is a greater enemy to the  
face than the small pox.

When men grow virtuous in their  
old age, they are merely making a  
sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who can take advice, is some-  
times superior to him who can give it.

### SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Sitting in the corner,  
On a Sunday eve,  
With a taper finger  
Resting on your sleeve;  
Star-lit eyes are casting  
On your face their light;  
Bless me! this is pleasant--  
Sparking Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping  
'Gainst your Sunday vest--  
How wickedly 'tis working  
On this day of rest;  
Hours seem but minutes  
As they take their flight;  
Bless me! ain't it pleasant--  
Sparking Sunday night!

Dad and mam are sleeping  
On their peaceful bed,  
Dreaming of the things  
The folks in meeting said.  
"Love ye one another!"  
Ministers recite;  
Bless me! don't we do it!  
Sparking Sunday night!

One arm, with gentle pressure,  
Lingers round her waist,  
You squeeze her dimpled hand,  
Her pouting lips you taste;  
She freely slaps your face,  
But more in love than spite;  
O, thunder! ain't it pleasant--  
Sparking Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking--  
It's two o'clock, I swam,  
As sure as I'm a sinner,  
The hour to go has come,  
You ask, with spiteful accents,  
If "that old clock is right?"  
And wonder if it ever  
Sparked on a Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses,  
Four, five, six you hook--  
But thinking that you rob her,  
Give back those you took;  
Then, as forth you hurry  
From the fair one's sight,  
Don't you wish each day was  
Only Sunday night!

The following is certainly the most  
touching moonlight scene we have  
read:

After whirling for some time in the  
exaltic waltz, Caroline and myself  
stepped out unobserved on the balco-  
ny, to enjoy a few moments of solitude  
so precious to lovers. It was a glori-  
ous night! The air was cool and re-  
freshing. As I gazed on the beautiful  
being at my side, I thought I never saw  
her look so lovely. The full moon cast  
her bright rays over her whole person,  
giving her almost an angelic appear-  
ance, imparting to her flowing curls  
a still more golden hue. One of her  
soft fair hands rested in mine, and ever  
and anon she met my ardent gaze  
with one of pure, confiding love. Sud-  
denly a change came over her soft fea-  
tures; her full, red lip trembled; the  
muscles around her faultless mouth  
became convulsed; she gasped for  
breath; and snatching her hand from  
the soft pressure of my own, she turned  
suddenly away, buried her face in  
her fine cambric handkerchief, and--  
sneezed!

There is as much credulity amongst  
the unsuperstitious as amongst the su-  
perstitious, only it is of another kind.  
All elevated minds are more or less  
tinged with superstition; the inferior  
animals have none; the housebreaker  
that creeps by night into your dwell-  
ing, has none; the murderer that walks  
in darkness with his knife and spade,  
has none. The poet lives in superstition;  
all his inspiration is associated  
with spiritual beings; that gives him  
power and influence. The scoffer is  
always lower in the scale, and his  
credulity is merely the credulity of an-  
other hemisphere of thought. Wisdom  
believes in both hemispheres.

THE OLDEST CHIME IN THE UNION.--  
The chime of bells in Christ Church,  
Boston, Mass., was first rung on the  
31st of December, 1754, and has an-  
nounced the approach of each succe-  
ssive year for a century. It is said that  
the man who put up the bells, and who  
had come over in the same vessel with  
them, refused any compensation for  
his labor, but requested that they  
might be tolled muffled at his death,  
which was accordingly done in his  
case, and also in that of his wife.

HOW TO BUILD A HAPPY HOME.--Six  
things are requisite. Integrity must  
be the architect, tidiness the upholster.  
It must be warmed by affection, light-  
ed up with cheerfulness, and industry  
must be the ventilator, renewing the  
atmosphere, and bringing in fresh sa-  
lubritous day by day; while over all, as  
a protecting canopy and glory, nothing  
will suffice except the blessing of God.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting  
talents, which, in prosperous circum-  
stances, would have lain dormant.

### In Debt and out of Debt.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is  
debt the father! What meanness,  
what invasion of self respect, what  
cares, what double dealing! How,  
in due season, it will carve the frank,  
open face into wrinkles, how, like a  
knife, it will stab the honest heart!--  
How it has been known to change a  
goodly face into a mask of brass; how  
with the "damned custom" of debt, has  
the man become the callous trickster!  
A freedom of debt and what nourish-  
ing sweetness may be found in cold  
water; what toothsome dry crust;  
what ambrosial nourishment  
in a hard egg. Be sure of it, he who  
dines out of debt, though his meal be  
a buisicuit and an onion, dines in "the  
Appollo." And then for raiment--  
what warmth in a thread bare coat, if  
the tailor's receipt be in your pocket!  
what Tyrian purple in the faded wai-  
scoat, the vest not owed for! How  
glossy the well worn hat if it cover  
not the aching head of a debtor! Next  
the home sweets, the out door recrea-  
tion of the free man. The street door  
falls not a knell on his heart; the foot  
on the staircase, though he live on the  
third pair sends no spams through his  
anatomy; at the rap of his door he  
can crow forth, "come in," and his pulse  
still beat heartfully, his heart not sink  
in his bowels. See him abroad.  
How he returns look for look with any  
passenger, how he saunters; how meet-  
ing an acquaintance, he stands and  
g's ips.

But then, this man knows not debt  
--debt, that casts a drug into the rich-  
est wine, that makes the food of the  
gods unwholesome; indigestible; that  
sprinkles the banquet of a Lucullus  
with ashes, and drop soot into the soup  
of an Emperor; debt, that like the  
moth makes valueless furs and velvets  
--enclosing the wearer in festering  
prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt  
not paid for!) debt, that writes upon  
freecord walls the handwriting of the  
attorney; that puts a voice of terror in  
the knocker; that makes the heart  
quake at the haunted fireside; debt,  
that invisible demon that walks  
abroad with a man, now quickening  
his steps, now making him look on all  
sides like hunted beast, and now bring-  
ing to his face the ashy hue of death  
as the unconscious passenger looks  
glancing upon him. Poverty is a bitter  
draught yet may--and sometimes with  
advantage--be gulped down. Though  
the drinker make wry faces, there  
may, after all, be a wholesome bitter-  
ness in the cup. But debt, however  
courteously it be offered, is the cup of  
a syren, and the wine, spiced and  
delicious though it be, is poison. The  
man out of debt, though with a flaw in  
his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather,  
a hole in his hat, is still the son of  
liberty, free as the singing lark above  
him, but the debtor, though clothed  
in the utmost bravery, what is he but  
a serf on a holiday--a slave--to be  
reclaimed at any moment by his own-  
er, the creditor? My son, if poor, see  
the wine running spring, let thy mouth  
water at least a week's root, think a  
thread bare coat the "only wear,"  
and acknowledge a white washed  
garret the finest housing place for a  
gentleman. Do this, and flee debt.--  
So shall thy heart be at peace and the  
sheriff confirmed.--Douglas Jerrold.

The following method for remedy-  
ing smoky chimneys is recommended  
in the London Critic: A revolving fan  
is placed vertically in the opening of a  
small, compact, moving cowl, fixed on  
the chimney top. The gentlest cur-  
rent of air sets this fan in motion, cre-  
ating an upward draught in the chim-  
ney, preventing the return of smoke,  
gaseous vapours, etc., into the apart-  
ment, and also of the falling soot and  
rain.

CATCHING ELEPHANTS.--The manner  
of catching them is simple enough,  
and with the stealthy, cat-like pecu-  
liarities of the Moormen of Ceylon, is  
attended with little danger. When a  
herd has been discovered, in which  
there are young ones, they watch them  
till mid-day, when they are either  
drowsy or asleep; then creeping up  
behind with ropes, fasten their legs to-  
gether; they then set up loud yells to  
frighten away the old ones. The  
course of education afterward pursued  
is very simple, but speedy and effec-  
tive; they are left tied, with no water  
or food, for three or four days, when  
these requisites are administered as  
sparingly as possible; in a week they  
become so tractable as to kneel down  
at the word of command.

Deliberate with caution, but act  
with decision; and yield with gracious-  
ness, or oppose with firmness.

### Spring Fashions for Gentlemen.

We shall make no apology for in-  
troducing an occasional paragraph in  
this department on gentlemen's dress.  
Most ladies are interested in the per-  
sonal appearance of some of the lords  
of the creation, and will not object to  
some data upon which to base their  
criticisms.

A well dressed man is more rare to  
be seen than a well dressed woman,  
simply because the male costume is  
not susceptible of artistic effects.

Pantalons are very useful gar-  
ments, apart from the authority they  
are supposed to confer on the wearer,  
but they certainly are not ornamental.

The skirt, the mantilla, the robe, are  
all decorative and beautiful if worn  
properly, because flowing and easily  
grouped into tableaux, if we may so  
express it.

The dress of gentlemen has under-  
gone some modification this season,  
which have materially improved it.--  
That melancholy looking garment  
nick-named the 'Shanghai,' has well  
nigh disappeared, and given place to  
the 'Raglan,' a much more becoming  
and convenient style.

Coats are made single-breasted, and  
'cut away,' an arrangement that dis-  
plays the vest and fob-chain to great  
advantage.

Vests are generally made of cassi-  
mere and silk, but the prettiest we  
have seen is the challey the ground a  
mixture of white and brown with a  
little palm leaf sprig. There are some  
delicately beautiful patterns in Mar-  
seilles.

Pantalons are made to "fit" not  
too tight or too loose. The material  
is generally cassimere, in dark colors  
and very narrow stripe, and almost  
invisible plaids.

Dark silk or satin cravats, with  
crimson or dark blue sprigs, are *comme  
il faut*.

### A Dun as is a Dun.

An editor "out West" thus talks to  
his non-paying subscribers:  
"Hear us for our debts, and get ready  
that you may pay; trust us we are  
in need and have regard for our need,  
for you have been long trusted; ac-  
knowledge your indebtedness, dive in-  
to your pockets that you may fork  
over. If there be any among you, one  
single patron, that don't owe us some-  
thing, then to him we say--step aside,  
consider yourself a gentleman. If the  
rest wish to know why we dun, then  
this is our answer. Not that we  
care about cash ourselves but our  
creditors do.

Would you rather that we go to  
jail, and you go free; then pay your  
debts and we all keep moving! As  
we agreed we have worked for you,  
as we contracted we have furnished  
our paper to you, as we promised, we  
have waited upon you, but as you  
don't pay, we dun you!--Here are  
agreements for job work, contracts  
for subscription, promises for long  
credit, and duns for deferred payments.  
Who is there so mean that don't take  
the paper! If any he needn't speak--  
we don't mean him. Who is there so  
green he don't advertise! If any let  
him slide--he ain't the chap either.--  
Who is there so bad that he don't pay  
the printer! If any let him shout--for  
he's the man we're after.--This name  
is Legion and he's been owing us for  
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
eight years--long enough to make us  
poor, and himself rich at our expense.  
If the above appeal to his conscience  
doesn't awake him to a sense of jus-  
tice, we shall have to try the law,  
and see what virtue there is in writs  
and constables."

There is no secret in the heart which  
our actions do not disclose. The most  
consummate hypocrite cannot at all  
times conceal the workings of his  
mind.

He is alone wise who can accom-  
modate himself to all the contingences  
of life; but the fool contends, and is  
struggling like a swimmer against the  
stream.

The following tells, says an exchange,  
came off a few days since not many  
miles from an eastern village:

Two gentlemen fishing--sharp boy  
appears.

Boy--Well, sir, got any bites?  
Gent--(Unconcerned)--Lots o' 'em.  
Boy--Y-a-a-s, under your hat!

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury  
states that during the last few days six  
persons have died in that city from the  
use of liquors sold at cheap dog shops